

## STILL AT THE TOP!

We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

**W. H. Webber & Son.**  
Telephone 48-3. Ring us up!

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**Arlington Wood Working Co.,**  
MILL ST., ARLINGTON.

Mantels, Drawer Cases, Hall and Window Seats. **CABINET MAKING.** Stair Work. Sawing and Turning.

Store and Office Fixtures, **DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS.**

Porch Columns, Brackets and Balusters. **Greenhouse Stock and Hot-bed Sash.** GENERAL REPAIRING.

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PICTURE FRAMES. CRAYONS.

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655 Mass. Ave.,  
Arlington, Mass.

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**H. B. JOHNSON,**  
**Steam and Hot Water Heating,**

Greenhouse Contractor, Steam Pump Repairer, etc.

PIPE AND FITTINGS FOR SALE. BROADWAY AND WINTER STS.,  
AT BOSTON PRICES. ARLINGTON.

Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed. Sept 20/19

**MRS. MARGARET DALE**

Hammocks of all kinds  
for the summer at low  
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**House and Kitchen Furnishings,**  
610 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

TELEPHONE. 55-4 ARLINGTON.

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25 Second-hand Bicycles in  
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**MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,**  
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**BEDDING PLANTS, CUT FLOWERS  
AND FUNERAL DESIGNS**

AT

**W. W. Rawson's,**  
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MAT 17

For a good suit of clothes and a  
guaranteed fit, go to

**J. J. LOFTUS,**  
the leading tailor  
Spring & Summer Goods Now In.  
Repairing Neatly Done.  
Ladies' tailoring.  
Sherburne Building, Arlington



## BAPTIST CHURCH BURNED.

Fire Started from Burning Off of Paint--Firemen  
Have Narrow Escapes.

Wednesday morning at 9.47 the citizens were startled when the fire whistle blew for box 39, and the news that the Baptist church was on fire caused considerable excitement and a stampede for the church.

With that promptness for which the department is noted, the various pieces of apparatus were quickly on the scene, and soon had six streams on the burning building.

The fire was started on the left side of the spire by the painters, who were burning off the paint with naphtha lamps preparatory to repainting. They were asked by Mrs. Chaffin to pull in the alarm, but they evidently did not hear her. They evidently thought they could manage it and put it out quickly. But all the time the flames were spreading rapidly, so that when the firemen appeared the whole of the spire and a good portion of the body of the church were ablaze.

Chief Gott, realizing the danger, telephoned for Engine 4 of Cambridge, they doing valiant service on their arrival. It was plainly evident from the outset that something was the matter with the high service, as all the six streams were unable to put water higher than the coping. This, to a large extent, was a handicap.

At first water was thrown from the inside of the edifice, but was soon withdrawn and more effectively used on the outside by playing into the windows. The new 60-ft. ladder was raised and a line of hose was run up to the top of the church on the left side to the eaves. It was mighty hot at this point, the flames licking up all around and underneath the firemen.

The coping burned off and commenced falling, but still the firemen fought on, and it was not until the captain shouted "come down!" that they stopped. It was lucky they did, for had they remained a moment longer they would have been badly burned, or knocked from the ladder and killed.

Two hosemen of Hose 2, who were on a shorter ladder, fared worse, Lieut. Dennis Ahern being knocked from the rungs into the burning debris, he only escaping being burned by his rubber suit. Hoseman George Fraser of Hose 3 had his left hand badly cut with a nail. E. J. Crowe pierced his foot with a nail.

It was a pretty sight to see the steeple fall, and later the bell fell with a thud. It was evident that the building was doomed, so attention was paid to the adjoining buildings, the Teel, Tufts and Shattuck estates. The house of Mrs. George D. Tufts, now occupied by Mr. Blasdale, had a narrow escape. As it was, the house is badly scorched and blistered. The Shattuck house caught fire on the roof, but was extinguished by Chemical 1.

The fire raged for over two hours, and it was over five hours before lines were made up and the apparatus sent home. The fire was the hottest the firemen have fought for years, and under the circumstances they did well, although there are those, as we have said before, who stand by and criticize. Such persons ought to be allowed to do the same work, it would soon cease their kicking.

Mr. W. A. Peirce rescued the bible and Mr. Stephen B. Wood saved much of the music.

It was a blessing to the firemen to receive water from Messrs. Locke and Teele. Mr. Henry Blasdale, treasurer of the Arlington Five Cent Savings bank showed a good christian spirit the fire laddies have a most profound respect and regard for him, he serving

them with bananas and later had some coffee prepared, the one thing most needed. Mrs. George P. Sprague and Mr. Henry J. Locke prepared a sumptuous spread for the firemen, nothing being too good for them, and they were served with a fine collation. For all of which the firemen wish to extend their hearty thanks to both parties for their kind and generous thoughtfulness.

The news of the fire spread with lightning rapidity, and all along the sidewalks of the avenue there was a vast throng looking on.

What the matter was with the high service no one knows, and a most thorough investigation should be made. The Arlington Fire department would stand a mighty poor show of saving property were this to happen again. One thing was demonstrated, and that very forcibly, that Arlington needs a steamer to throw water to any height, for in a critical moment the high service has failed, at a cost, possibly, of the home of the Baptist society.

The police were quickly on hand to preserve order, but in two cases they were a little hasty, the one case being Mr. Major J. Bacon, the janitor of the church, who left his work to go to the fire, and while there did excellent work in saving much of the church property. He was ordered from the grounds. The other case was where a young man was helping the men of Hose 3 do fire duty. He was even kicked and then ordered off, but Chief Gott soon had him put back on the line. There were many willing hands to take hold and do what they could. Mr. Frank P. Dyer, a veteran fireman of Hingham, but now manager of Mr. Fred Reed's news store, held one of the steamer's pipes throughout the fire.

Chief Casey of Cambridge remarked that the Arlington department had done well in saving the surrounding buildings. The electric cars were blocked for some time.

Rev. Harry Fay Fister of the Universalist church made the society an offer of the use of his church, which Mr. E. Nelson Blake and his co-workers gladly accepted, and tomorrow service will be held at this church at the usual hour, and each Sunday until Sept. 1.

Rev. J. M. Mulcahy has offered, through a sympathetic letter, the vestry of St. Malachy's church for an indefinite period. Revs. S. C. Bushnell and Frederic Gill have also offered their houses of worship as soon as they could be put in order.

The entire insurance on the building, organ and furniture was placed by Messrs. George Y. Wellington & Son as follows: Building, \$17,000—N. Y. Underwriters \$4500, Connecticut \$4000, Royal & North British and Mercantile \$3000 each, Rochester-German \$2500; organ \$3500, furniture \$2500—making \$25,000 in all.

The Baptist society has been the owner of four homes, two of which are still standing. The first was located on Acton street and is now owned by Horace Peirce, the second is still standing at the corner of Brattle and Mass. avenue. The third a church, was painted and torn down, was built on the site of the one burned Wednesday. The church which was burned was built in the winter of 1852 and 53 and dedicated in April 1853 making the church 46 years old at the time of the fire. No definite plan has been really decided for the new building, but the prospect is that the new church will be erected on the same site and the material will be of brick and stone.

## Special Notice.

The use of water through hose for lawns, flowerbeds, washing windows, and sprinkling streets. is limited to one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 a. m. and one and one-half hours between the hours of 5 and 8 p. m.

GEORGE W. LANE,  
PETER SCHWAMB,  
GEORGE P. WINN,  
Water Commissioners.

July 7, 1900.

# RARE BARGAINS

Half-Season Sale is  
now on at

the right store on the wrong side.

WRAPPERS. Made of fine percale, in all the latest styles and shades, worth \$1.00, 69c  
HOSE. Gent's half-hose in black and colors, heavy and light weight, worth 19c, 12 1-2c  
VESTS. Ladies' Jersey ribbed vests, very fine quality, all styles, 12 1-2c  
Ladies' Japanese silk vests in white only, worth 37 1-2c, 19c  
CORSETS. Summer corsets, perfect fitting, all sizes, 23c  
FLANNEL. 500 yds. outing flannel, in checks, stripes and plain effects, worth 10c, per yd., 6 1-2c  
CRASH. 250 yds. all-linen crash, the talk of the town, well worth 8c, per yd., 5c  
SHIRT WAISTS. Ladies' fine quality percale shirt waists, worth 75c and 87 1-2c, will be sold this week for 37 1-2c  
White shirt waists were 75c and \$1.00, this week 50c

Ribbon Bows made free of charge.

**D. F. COLLINS,**

472 Mass. avenue, Swan's Block, Arlington.

**Belmont Crystal Spring Water**

BELMONT, MASS.

D. L. TAPPAN, Prop. 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,  
VERNA & VERNIA, Post-office Block

Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

**A. BOWMAN,**

Ladies' and Gent's **TAILOR,**

487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

FREE! FREE!

A Beautiful Oak Rocker given  
absolutely free.

Call at our store and procure a special cash offer card. Have the amount of every cash sale punched from the card, and when your purchases amount to \$20.00 return the card to us and we will deliver at your home a splendid oak rocker entirely free of charge. The retail price of the rocker is \$4.00 and can be seen in our show window.

**I. E. ROBINSON & CO.,** POST OFFICE BLOCK,  
63 Massachusetts Avenue

**Electrical Supplies.**

**R. W. LeBARON,**

**Electrician and Contractor.**

Electric Flat Irons, Electric Stoves, Curling Iron Heaters, Incandescent Lamps, all styles and candle power. Electric Lights, Bells and Telephones installed. Medical Batteries sold and repaired.

Telephone Connection.

478 Mass. Avenue, Arlington, Mass

**JAMES O. HOLT,**

DEALER IN

**Groceries AND Provisions,**

Agent for the following specialties:

Agnelus Flour, Revere Coffee, Hatchet Brand Canned Goods, Strafford Creamery Butter, Pure Bottled Cream.

Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms. For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.

Stores, 12 and 14 Pleasant Street

**ADVERTISE.**

**Dr. G. W. Yale,**  
DENTIST,

At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Bldg.  
ARLINGTON.

Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

**JOHN J. LEARY,**

Rubber-tired  
Hacks for all  
Occasions

I have a First-class Hack,  
Livery and Boarding  
Stable.

Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.  
Residence, 117 Medford St., Arlington.  
Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

**ALEXANDER BEATON,**  
Contractor

and

**Builder,**

79 Hibbert street,  
Arlington Heights.



# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday morning at No. 600  
Massachusetts avenue,  
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F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.  
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

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1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.  
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Additional inches at same ratio  
Advertisements placed in the local column  
10 cents per line.  
Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,  
etc., 12-13 cents per line, nothing taken less  
than two lines.

## WHAT OF ARLINGTON'S FUTURE?

The above is a query that should be of supreme interest to every citizen of our town. We mean by our interrogative, not only the material welfare of Arlington, but we have as well in mind her immaterial interests. The danger existing in every community is that her people will rest a good deal satisfied when her streets and her public buildings, together with her private residences and her sanitary conditions, are well up to the intelligence of the public. But all these things are not enough when you come to estimate the real life of men and women. Generous provisions may be made for all educational and religious purposes, and even then the town or village may fall far short of that ideal life which involves the full, rounded development of the masses.

It isn't enough that Arlington is within literal touch of Harvard university, and that she is almost directly under the shadow of the dome of the state house. Something aside and in addition to locality and surroundings must enter as essential factors into that success which will stand the test of an intelligent and impartial judgment. Arlington in all that pertains to material growth and prosperity compares most favorably with the other suburbs of Boston. We have streets that are modern, our churches and schools rank among the first; we have an excellent system of drainage, or will have when it is perfected; we have good drinking water, and an atmosphere that is health-giving and health-restoring. And we have, too, an intelligent and industrious people. Then what more can be wanted? It may be asked. We answer, first and foremost there is needed by our people a larger and keener appreciation of the innate value of men and women. We need both the desire and power to get at our kind, apart from any worldly possession of which they may hold the title deeds.

Our Arlington boys and girls should in every instance come out from the home well developed and well balanced men and women through the instruction and discipline therein received. Our public schools, excellent as they are, should be made better and more far-reaching. Our churches, distinguished as they may be for their religious zeal and instruction, should yet be made more efficient in their department of labor. Indeed, what is most needed in Arlington is, that the masses of our people shall be more generally reached. We have now several clubs and private organizations which are doing good work in an intellectual way, but unfortunately this work only effects the membership, and so is narrowed down in its operations to the comparatively few. The farmer who understands his business sees that every inch of his cultivated acres has that care and dressing which are demanded by the soil and by the crops to be grown. He does not dress and sow and reap in patches to the neglect of his broader acres. In his reckoning he takes in the whole field, so that with him there are no forgotten corners.

While the club life and literary organizations in Arlington are to be commended, yet they are not sufficiently comprehensive and all-embracing. It would be the part of wisdom if Arlington were to make an early movement to arrange for the coming autumn and winter a series of instructive and interesting entertainments, admittance to which should be free to all. We do not question that the necessary outlay for such entertainments might be met by individual giving were the matter properly presented to our well-to-do people. To reach and secure the masses there must be inducements offered free of pecuniary cost.

Nothing better guages the intellectual desires and appetites of a people than does the public library. How is it, do you ask, with Robbins library? A large minority of our town's people, we may safely say, never goes near it, and we do not believe we should come far wide of the mark if we should declare that a majority of our people do not patronize it. Now, what does this mean? Simply this: that our people as a whole have not been educated into reading our best authors. What we should do here in Arlington, and this at once, is to get so near to the men and women and youth of our town as to beget within them a full appreciation of the many advantages to be found in the literary world. Robbins library is both minister and schoolmaster, and there should be no one found in Arlington who is not a willing and anxious pupil of the library in her two-fold office.

But all this will never be done until we reach the people. Our club life and literary organizations cannot cover the ground. Indeed such is not their purpose. All this the town must do for herself. Will she do it by making an

early arrangement for the instruction and amusement of her people during the coming autumn and winter months? Arlington's real future must come through the intense lives of men and women who give first place to all that we denominate the immaterial.

## A STARLIT SKY.

If any of the readers of the Enterprise desire to look up into a starlit sky all they have to do is to come to White Face and behold for themselves these spangled heavens. To be sure, you have in Arlington samples of these shining orbs, but at best they are only samples, which do not and cannot in the more or less murky atmosphere of the city and its suburbs represent in their fulness and brilliancy these gems which here so thickly stud the heavens. It was in the clear, crisp atmosphere of Thursday evening that we stood for an hour just in front of our verandah intently gazing up and far away into the zenith, lost in wonder and admiration as this host of shining ones came gracefully in sight. Look where you might, from the horizon up to the very middle of the heavens this multitude of stars, "such as no man could number," made their appearance. And the longer we gazed the more did this countless number multiply itself.

It is forever true that the skies, so kindly and lovingly hovering over these stupendous and majestic mountains, keep themselves all attune to the outpouring harmonies of these grand old sentinels which so gladly lift their heads to meet the heavens with their myriad host on the approach of the evening time. Here, earth and sky combine to proclaim the omnipotence of creation.

Have you, dear reader of these columns, ever made a study of the skies? Have you ever read them in their fullness and richness? Have you ever attempted to measure their length and breadth and their height and depth? If so, then you have lost yourself in an intensity of thought, while you have exclaimed with intensest soul, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." On the evening of our skyward gaze we found ourselves questioning the plan and purpose of the infinite creator of all things, not in any way doubting the wisdom of his omnipotence and his omniscience. But why these stars, and in such endless profusion? Did they find their resplendent way to the heavens alone for the sole purpose of giving pleasure and delight to the inhabitants of this the least of the planets? Must it not be true that the stars are peopled with all that intelligence which is a part of God himself? And, if so peopled, why may not the inhabitants thereof be a race of men and women who have never sinned? who have never heard of the Christ, because they have never fallen from their first estate? who are profoundly and happily ignorant of an Eden lost, and of an Adam and Eve banished therefrom, and all this for a simple, stupid act of disobedience? And, then, if sinless, why may we not reasonably conclude that the inhabitants of these celestial worlds are to live on forevermore in their present state of existence? Yes, indeed, if the story be true, Adam made the biggest sort of a blunder when he yielded to the bewitching and fascinating entreaties of his pretty Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. Adam didn't mean it, but if the orthodoxy of the past be true, then he, all the same, through his susceptibility to feminine charms, placed us all in an extremely awkward position, from which our most literal theology has found it thus far extremely difficult to satisfactorily extricate us. But still, awkward as is our position, we, nevertheless, have a good deal of sympathy and even a word of commendation for much-abused Adam, for who of us would be so ungallant and so unresponsive as to say "no" to a charming woman, all in her youth, were she to offer us of the fruit which her own delicate hands had plucked? We sing with Oliver Wendell Holmes as he wrote to Miss Harriet Putnam, who had sent Holmes an apple "stolen" from a tree of his own planting. Here is his reply to the receipt of the "stolen" fruit:

"We owe, alas! to woman's sin,  
The woes with which we grapple;  
To think that all our plagues came in  
For one poor stolen apple!  
And still we love the darling thief  
Whose rosy fingers stole it;  
Her weakness brought the world to grief,  
Her smiles alone console it!  
I take the 'stolen' fruit you leave  
(Forgive me, maid and madam);  
It makes me dream that you are Eve,  
And wish that I were Adam."

Adam was surely like the rest of us men folks, so let us deal gently with his memory. But these stars looking down upon us through the clear upper air, peopled, it may be, with an intelligence that is without sin, are so many testimonials of God's infinite creation and loving power, emphasized by these everlasting mountains. Yes,

"Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine."

## "THE SCAR WILL BE LEFT."

"Although the wound may heal, the scar will be left." So wrote one of our most brilliant essayists. Did you, reader of this column, think of the above truism when you spoke that ugly word against or about your neighbor, and this, too, in his absence, when no opportunity was given him to gainsay or disprove it? Did it occur to you when you gave out that half intimation or insinuation that Mr. So-and-So, or the lady

who lives just across the way, could neither of them bear the full light of day upon all that he or she may or may not have done? In that supremely careless moment of yours you did not take into account that you were inflicting a wound, the scar of which would remain plainly visible forevermore—an ugly deformity for which there has been no redemption made and for which there can be none made.

While God is undoubtedly gracious to forgive, we cannot believe that he has provided salvation for the slanderer. If there is anyone who deserves the torments of the lost it is he who will in any way becloud the name of mortal man or woman. And yet we all, the very best of us, are doing more or less of this very kind of nefarious business. We say, too frequently, the ugly word at our social gatherings, in our coming together for "sweet charity's sake," and even at our prayer meetings. How many friends do you suppose one would have were all to be known that each has said or does say of the other? You may be sure that in such instance the number would not be sufficiently large to save Sodom. The truth is, and to our shame be it said, the light, thoughtless word is our chief staple in most of our social or rather society life. We seem to best live and thrive on others. We ascend the heights as we push some one into the depths below. We count that the smoothest walking as we find on our way the dead body of some competitor over which we may proudly step.

How decidedly mean the most of us must feel as we come to our better selves in the privacy of our own homes. Human nature is so weak at every point, and never so weak as when it asserts in an egotistical way its own strength. We are all in school with the primary lesson yet to learn, and he will prove himself the most successful student of all who shall not only learn his own lesson but who shall assist his seatmate in learning his. We are all askew in our reckoning. We count that personal success which somehow manages to push our brother to the rear, if thereby we can make sure of what seems to us a further advancement of ourselves. It has been said by some one that he will the soonest make heaven who walks upon his knees, and see farther into its innermost kingdom with his eyes shut. We too frequently begin with self, and so get nowhere. What we should do is to begin in all charity with our neighbor, and then we might rightfully expect to reach home laden with the richest gifts.

To make ourselves more intensely practical, suppose for a moment that we men and women right here in Arlington were from this date on to do the very best possible for those living right alongside of us. What do you say would come of it were we to be the strong right arm to all those engaged in a like business with ourselves? What would happen if we were from now on to speak a good word for and of our neighbor? We might be sure that in such a new life there would be in all Arlington no wounds to heal, and consequently there would be no scars left.

Success in its larger and truer meaning can come to no man in his business unless by and through that business he is not made a better man than he would have been otherwise, and then as a logical sequence the community made better by his individual life. That journalism is a dead failure which does not make more of a man out of him who is engaged therein, and which does not make better the community in which the public journal is issued. And so it is with every department of business life. The measure of its success must depend upon the good it does. The clergyman is not the only man in the town or village who is to be good and do good. However excellent he may be, he can't do our praying. That his words are guarded and well timed, will not avail us. We are to guard well our own speech and do our own praying. We are to set our own house in order then we may sweep under the door-mat of our neighbor. Just invert our arithmetic and then we shall be approximately all right. Remember, there can be no scar where there has not first been a cruel wound.

## THAT SPEECH OF APRIL 17.

It ought to keep Senator Hoar busy for the next few months in any attempt he may make to effect a reconciliation between that speech he made in the United States Senate on the 17th of April, which consisted in a severe arraignment of President McKinley's policy of the Philippines, and that he so recently made at Marshfield. The truth is, the two speeches are at war with each other, so much so that Senator Hoar is left in a most unenviable position. He cannot explain for himself, and no other man or party can make explanation of his substantial cry of "good Lord-and good devil." And what makes the matter even worse is that the honorable senator should have made the attempt in his Marshfield speech to have so gobbled portions of Ex-Gov. Boutwell's speech of April 19th, congratulating him upon his admirable anti-imperialistic effort, as to make it appear that he (the ex-governor) sustains the senator in his loyalty to and love of President McKinley. In that letter of congratulation Ex-Gov. Boutwell distinctly says: "Mr. McKinley deserves defeat, and is destined to receive it." Again, the ex-governor

says: "President McKinley has no defenders on the ground of right and justice." "Your speech is of great service to the cause of anti-imperialism."

Senator Hoar has gotten himself into an awkward corner, and he well knows it, so that now by means not manly and honorable he is trying to pull himself out of a hole of his making. If that speech on the 17th of April was an honest expression of his views concerning the administration at Washington, then the senator stultified himself when he made that speech at Marshfield. If, on the other hand, his Marshfield speech was an honest avowal of his regard and love for President McKinley, and of his confidence in his ability and purpose to wisely administer our national affairs, then the 17th of April speech must be written down as a cheat and a fraud. Mind you, we are not discussing whether or not Mr. McKinley has proven himself wise and just in his management of the Philippine islands. Our only thought is centered on Senator Hoar. In spite of his eminent ability, and right in the face of his statesmanlike qualities, he has made a ridiculous tumble, and both parties alike so regard the logic of his unseemly straddle. It matters little now which party may receive the support of Senator Hoar in the coming campaign. His vote can only count one, while he has reduced his influence in the contest so near at hand to the zero point.

Of the resort sections of the country, few of them are more widely known than the White Mountains region of northern New England. The main features that have brought this section to the foreground are its magnificent scenery, its exhilarating atmosphere and its social qualities. Of the first mentioned, some of the more widely known features, outside the Presidential Range and Mount Washington, are in the Crawford, Franconia and Dixville Notches. Each contributes far differing attractions, though taken together they present a series of nature's workings unlike those to be found anywhere else. There are wonderful rock formations like Table Rock in Dixville, and the "Old Man of the Mountain" and the Flume; then there is White Horse Lodge and Elephant's Head and Crystal Cascade and "The Basin" and Echo and Profile Lakes and Lakes of the Clouds. These are but a few of the interesting sights to see. As you know, the Boston & Maine Railroad traverses this great mountain vacation region, and the Mountain literature issued by its Passenger department comprises an encyclopaedia of New Hampshire's mountains, which you can obtain by sending a two-cent stamp to the General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and with it will be sent a book of tours, which you will find to be replete with the information you are looking for regarding vacation. Send for them.

## MARRIED.

HOYT-CAMPBELL.—In Somerville, July 23, by Rev. Arthur L. Snell, Henry C. Hoyt and Nellie M. Campbell of Arlington.

WIGMORE-KENNEY.—In West Newton, July 22, by Rev. Charles Gallegan, Matthew Wigmore of Arlington and Jennie Kenney of West Newton.

## DIED

HAYES.—In Arlington, July 19, Geo. B. Hayes, aged 64 years, 2 months, 17 days.

## MUSIC & FRENCH.

MADemoiselle STEPHENS,

late of Paris, France.

Will give lessons in Music and French at pupils' houses. Terms reasonable. Write or call.

355 MASS. AVENUE.

## YOUNG MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

WHITE FACE, N. H.

JAMES A. HANSON, Proprietor.

Attractive accommodations for boarders.

## FARM WANTED.

In Waltham, Lexington or vicinity suitable for sheep raising; high rough ground, with some woodland, preferred. Will buy, lease or contract with right party for the use of part of farm and care of stock; price must be low; give full particulars. P. O. box 2971, Boston, Apr 28/01

## TO LET.

Nice, pleasant Rooms to let, centrally located. Apply, 33 Lewis avenue.

## TO LET,

For one year or more, HOUSE and GROUNDS at No. 22 Mill street, Arlington, Mass. Will put same in complete order. Apply for terms to A. J. Bastine, 19 Warren street, New York. feb3 0m

## Boys' Short Pant Suits,

\$1.50, or with Extra Pair Pants, \$1.75.

Call and see them at

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ROBERT E. STACPOLE,

TEACHER OF

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Correct instruments carefully selected for pupils without extra charge.

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## ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

Mr. Alonzo S. Harriman is at Bradford, N. H.

Mr. W. W. Rawson is having his outing in Maine.

Mrs. J. O. Holt is at her summer cottage at North Falmouth.

Mrs. H. A. Freeman is having an enjoyable time at Bethel, Me.

Miss Louisa R. Warren is at Martha's Vineyard for a season of rest.

Mr. George A. Law has just received his best back from the painters.

We congratulate Mr. Walter H. Peirce and wife on the arrival of a son.

Mr. W. W. Rawson is enlarging one of his greenhouses twenty feet in width.

On Monday Messrs. Hardy, Bird, Kelly and Webb start for a week's trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall N. Rice have returned home after a delightful trip to Newfoundland.

Rev. Frederic Gill is at his home at Kingston, Ont., Canada. His address is 242 Alfred street.

A new 70 foot chimney is being built on the head-house of Mr. W. W. Rawson by Mr. Aug. Bishop.

The staging is all up at the Congregational church, and the decorators are now about to commence work.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gannet of Academy street have been at Marblehead Neck, a guest of Miss Frsendsen.

Miss Carrie and Miss Lucie Hunting of Summer street start today for Old Orchard, Me., for a vacation trip.

Mrs. S. C. Clements of Water street has as her guests her son, Mr. P. Clements and wife of Berlin Falls, N. H.

Mr. George A. Law has purchased a new pair of black horses for his hack. They are fine specimens of horse flesh.

Rev. S. Bushnell and family are at Madison, Conn., for a vacation of rest. Mr. Bushnell is to visit the Adirondack Mts.

Miss Nettie Baston, the very efficient assistant at Robbins library, has been having a delightful time at Kennebunk beach.

Mr. J. A. Bishop, the gentlemanly clerk at the First Nat. Bank, reports a delightful time on his trip through Canada.

Mrs. Dr. Stickney and daughter are at Chiltonville, where a goodly number of Arlington people are staying for the summer.

Kimball, Arlington Heights, makes the best ice cream one wishes to eat. Nothing but the best cream is used. Try it.

Mr. N. J. Hardy and his daughter, Alice, are at Old Orchard for their health. Mr. Hardy is improving rapidly.

We direct special attention to the very interesting article in another column, headed "Adventures of the Never Leave-Home Club."

Mr. Roy Tyler has given Old Eureka a thorough overhauling, and now the works are again in shape she will make a good showing.

A Company of Cuban teachers were guests, of Golden Rule Lodge Tuesday evening. There was music and dancing and refreshments.

The rain of Wednesday afternoon and Thursday was a blessing for the vegetables and grass, which had become parched and burned.

Rev. H. F. Fister has been in Provincetown a few days with his friend, the Rev. C. B. Lynn, Mrs. Fister being at Hopkinton, N. H.

Mrs. W. E. Wetherbee, mother of our popular bicycle and jewelry merchants in Swan's block, is having a delightful time at Lake Sunapee.

The Rev. W. M. Lawrence D. D. of Chicago, will preach to the Baptist society at the Universalist church at the usual hour tomorrow.

Messrs. J. Henry Hartwell & Son have received from Mr. Chas. Gott's factory their handsome hearse, where it has been receiving a new coat of varnish.

Mr. Robert Ballard, the genial clerk at Mr. Leavitt's pharmacy, has severed his connection, and is now at his old home in Portland, Me. He carries the best wishes of a host of friends with him.

Mr. H. D. Hawkins, one of the popular clerks at the First National bank, is to enjoy the present week at Lake Nagog, at South Acton. He will be accompanied by friends.

The handsomest show windows in town are at L. C. Tyler's shoe store, corner Mass. avenue and Pleasant street. The new plate glass is a great improvement over the old windows, and greatly enhance the building.

During August Robbins Library will

be open Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 9 p. m. The reading room will be open on the other days from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. The library will be closed on Sundays to the public during August.

The Bower Brothers are to add a new plainer and mortising machine in their moulding and wood-working factory on Mill street. This firm is a busy and hustling one.

The boat race between Messrs. Fred W. Damon and Will Homer for the Carter cup, now held by the latter, will take place on Thursday evening at seven o'clock on Spy pond. This will be a good race as both are out to win if possible.

Miss Blanche Sawyer made a mistep on Monday evening on the Boat club float and fell into the water where she sank to quite a depth. A friend came to her rescue and she was pulled out with only a thorough drenching to remind her of her mishap.

Mr. H. W. Berthrong is to make two large portraits of McKinley and Roosevelt for the general headquarters at New York. Each is to be 25 feet in length, and will be suspended in front of the headquarters. He is also making a large portrait to hang in their room.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Pleasant Street Congregational church will continue its regular service every Sunday evening at 6.30, in the church vestry, during the summer. Meetings of special interest are anticipated, and everybody invited to attend. No other Sunday service will be held, and the Friday evening meeting will be discontinued until September. The work of renovating and decorating the main audience room of the church is now in progress.

A children's room has been completed at the Robbins library. The room is in the stack space of the library, and has been fitted up for their comfort. Miss Louise Marsh will have charge of this department. Books for the smaller ones as well as for the juveniles will always be on hand, and the furnishings have been arranged for their use. This room is likely to become a very popular place for the children.

Be sure and go to the muster at Combination park, Medford, next Thursday. Old Eureka is going, and is a sure winner for first or second prize. Let every member go, so that the old engine will have a full complement of men to "brake her down" to victory. Tickets and badges can be had of the following committee: W. A. Peirce, A. A. Tilden, W. P. Schwamb, W. J. Sweeney, W. H. Peirce, P. J. Ahern, T. J. Donahue.

Beginning on Monday, July 30, there is to be a grand carnival at Combination park under the auspices of the Boston Lodge of Elks. During the week there will be a vaudeville show, horse trotting, races of various kinds, bicycle races, and on Thursday there will be a firemen's muster and old Eureka will take part. This ought to draw a good crowd from this section. The affair is all for charity, and should be largely patronized by the public.

The Arlington Traders' association cordially invite their friends to participate with them in a basket picnic and an excursion to Camp Arlington, on the banks of the Concord river, in Carlisle, on Thursday. Tickets, including car and barge fares, clam chowder, ice cream, coffee, music, boats, also admission to park, where base ball, foot ball, potato and sack races, and other amusements will be arranged to please everybody, \$1 each, and can be had of the committee: Charles R. Whytal, Charles H. Stevens, James O. Holt, David Buttrick and Warren A. Peirce. Barges will meet trains at Bedford on arrival of 8.35 and 10.35 a. m. trains from Arlington, and will connect with trains from Bedford at 4.30 and 6.25 p. m. Should the day be rainy, the picnic will be postponed till the following Thursday.

An unusually large crowd gathered Monday evening to listen to Mr. Elmer E. Towne's Cavalry band. During the day the float had been brought in nearer shore by Janitor Monahan and Harry Kaulbeck, and with the calm evening the music was much clearer and distinct. Besides the electric lights on the float a number of Japanese lanterns of various colors had been strung up. The boats on the pond were decorated from bow to stern with lanterns, and this added to the red lights burned made a pleasing sight to look upon. The surface of the pond was covered with boats and canoes, and in this respect Mr. Harry Kaulbeck did a lively business, and his tonic stand was also liberally

patronized. The musical selections were unusually good, many popular melodies being rendered. The following program was kindly sent us by Bandmaster Towne:

March, 18th Regiment. Herbert Selection, "Popular Medley," ar. by Towne

Overture, "Faust," Gounod

"Ma Tiger Lally," (Broadway to Tokio,) Trombone solo, "Cujus Animam," Rossini's Stabat Mater

March, "The Staging Girl," Herbert

Grand selection, "Bohemian Girl," Balfe

Rag time two-step, "Polley Sam," Chambers

"Tone Pictures of the North and South," Bendix

About 150 children from the slums of Boston came to Arlington and enjoyed themselves on the Gage grove on Spy pond shores Wednesday. The Misses Wellington arranged and carried out the picnic. The little ones came to the grove in the train and had a rare day of enjoyment. Tables and swings were provided by Mr. Frank Wyman, who in various other ways looked to the comfort and enjoyment of the company representing all nations. They had plenty of Belmont Spring water, kindly provided by Mr. D. L. Tappan. The way the youngsters put away the lemonade and lunch was a caution. Cake was provided by the ladies and the other expenses were met out of the fund the Misses Wellington had provided. It was truly a delightful sight to see the little ones enjoy themselves in romping, swinging, swimming and games, and showed this work was the kind of christian duty which there should be more of. Mr. Prentiss had charge of the children, and tried all he knew to make them happy. Those assisting were Misses Harrington, Frost and Hill and Mrs. C. A. Frost of Belmont. Many Arlington people did their share toward the work. Mr. Wyman and the Misses Wellington certainly deserve thanks for their thoughtfulness in trying to make others happy.

**GOLF CLUB.**

The Arlington golf team defeated the Winthrop team on the home links of the latter, last Saturday, the following being the score:

Arlington	Holes up	Winthrop	Holes up
A Hill	0	R Davidson	3
W H Sears	0	Dr H W Vincent	0
O W Whittemore	0	W H Vincent	3
W G Rice	0	J S Rowe	7
W M Hill	5	A Stanley	0
Jere Coleman	3	Col D H Vincent	0
Total	17	Total	13

**ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.**

The Arlington Boat club played a game of base ball last Saturday with the Arlington team—the first played by the latter since its reorganization, and after the first two innings a good game was played. Quinn pitched finely, and was well supported by Corbett. Denninger, Loran, Burns and J. Dale of Arlington team played well. For B. C., the Wood brothers, Lane, Gray, Butman and McAndrews played a first-class game, the three latter making some brilliant plays, while Lane played well at second. The score:

A B C	h	b	p	a	e	Arlingtons	h	b	p	a	e
Lane 2	1	1	3	0	0	D Dale 3	0	0	2	3	0
Gray 8	0	4	2	1	0	Burns 1	1	3	2	0	0
W Clarkson 3	2	2	2	2	0	O'Neill 2	1	4	2	2	0
McAndrews 1	1	0	0	0	0	Denning 2	2	3	0	0	0
Butman 1	3	2	0	1	0	Loran 1	2	4	0	0	0
Rankin 1	0	0	0	0	0	Corbett 2	2	3	0	1	0
H Wood 1	4	0	1	1	0	J Dale 1	0	2	1	0	0
Stearns 1	0	0	1	0	0	Mahoney 1	1	0	0	1	0
E Wood 2	0	9	1	0	0	Quinn 1	1	4	2	0	0
Totals	11	27	10	5	0	Totals	10	24	11	9	0
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
A B C	4	2	0	0	1	3	0	1	1	—11	
Arlington	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	—4		

Two-base hits, Butman, H. Wood 2, Mahoney. Home run, Corbett. Stolen bases, Lane 3, W Clarkson, McAndrews 3, Butman, H Wood, E Wood, Burns. First base on balls, Gray, W Clarkson 2, Butman, E Wood. Struck out, by H Wood 4, by Quinn 2. Double plays, Gray, Lane and Stearns; J Dale and O'Neill. Passed balls, Corbett 2. Wild pitch, Quinn. Umpire, Duffy. Time 33.

**ROBBINS LIBRARY, ARLINGTON.**

**NEW BOOKS.**

Allen, James L. Reign of law. Tale of the Kentucky hemp fields. 1300.5

Connor, Ralph, pseud. Black Rock. Tale of the Selkies. 29654.1

Sky pilot. Tale of the foot-hills. 29654.2

Davis, William S. Friend of Caesar. Tale of the fall of the Roman republic. 3270.1

Flammario, C. The unknown. Fullerton, A. Proofs of theosophy. 130.7

Goss, Chas. F. Redemption of David Corson. 43281.1

Lee, G. C., editor. World's orators. 5v. 1069.60

"Mother Goose's nursery rhymes. 1137.42

North Easton, Mass. Ames Free Library. List of books for young people. May 1900. R. L.

Parsell, H. V. A., Jr. and Weed, A. J. Gas engine construction. 621.16

Plehn, C. C. Introduction to public finance. 336.2

Scidmore, Eliza R. China the long-lived empire. 88.47

Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Knights of the cross. v. 2. 8436.11

Smith, A. H. Village life in China. 88.46

Tarkinton, Booth. Gentleman from Indiana. 89231.1

Monsieur Beaucaire. 89231.2

Thirria, H. La Duchesse de Berry. 1798-1870. (French.) 1869.93

Wallioth, Wilhelm. Empress Octavia. Romance of the reign of Nero. 94361.1

Watertown, Mass. Free Public Library. Supplement. 1899. R. L.

Woodruff, C. R., editor. Proceedings of the conference for good city government. v. 6. Columbus. 352.1

July 27, 1900.

The coolest place at the Heights is

**Callaghan's Waiting-room**

Ice Cream, Lunch, Confectionery, Soda from pure juices, while waiting for a Lexington car. Don't forget to call.

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His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

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## ADVENTURES

### OF THE NEVER-LEAVE-HOME CLUB.

"Why, it is the most ridiculous plan I ever heard of. You would be worn out with fatigue—you'd get dirty and cross. You don't want to do that," and the speaker seized his cup of coffee with some energy.

"But, Sam," said Mrs. Ellison, "you know I delight in electric car rides and they don't tire me. If I get dirty I can get clean, and of course I am never cross. Then, too, I have never seen that part of New Hampshire, and it would be a nice time to visit it while Belle is there. I know Sarah would go with me."

"Well, I am sure I should hope she wouldn't. She is much too old to go jaunting around the country in that way. No, no, dear, give up this plan. You have got your nice cool house here by the sea; Sarah has her big roomy home in the country, and you'd both much better be contented to stay where you know you will be comfortable than to trust yourselves on any such expedition. If I can get away from my business I will take you both to Newport for the September races, if you won't go now," and Mr. Samuel Ellison pushed his chair away from the breakfast table with the air of having settled the question, smoothed his wife's hair, pretty and abundant though grey, kissed her goodbye and ran for his train.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Ellison, with a queer smile upon her face, went directly to her desk and wrote the following note:

"Clifton, July 10, 1900.  
"Dear Sarah: I have planned the most delightful scheme, and you must consent to it like the best and dearest of elder sisters that you always are. You know you never leave home and I never leave home, but we will elope—you and I. Belle has invited me, and I want very much to visit her while she is at White Face. As she is your daughter-in-law, of course you want to go too. I hear you say, 'Oh, I can't leave home,' but indeed you can and must. My plan is this: We will meet at some convenient place, perhaps Arlington, go by electric cars as far as we can, then take to steam, horses or boats as the case may be. I have yet to learn where White Face, Sandwich, N. H., maybe. I only know we go through Concord, and we ought to be able to reach that city by electric; whether we can remain to be learned. However, that is a minor detail. Now, dear, be ready to leave Monday. I shall write Belle that we start then, and tell her to look out for us at the end of two days. Of course William won't approve. Sam pooh poohs at the whole thing, but when he finds I have set my heart on going he will help me off with a smiling, gracious countenance. Now, turn your back upon having-time, current jelly and city visitors, and fly with me to the mountains. Yours, in the joy of anticipation, MARION ELLISON."

The reply to this letter was as follows:

"Hadlock, July 11, 1900.  
"My dear little sister: You have always had a strong advantage in being the baby of a large family. 'I can deny thee nothing.' (Name author, chapter and verse or I won't go.) I told William of your attractive plan and said I believed I would go. He received this suggestion with most enthusiastic silence. However, when I said 'You would like to have me go, wouldn't you?' he said 'Oh, yes, certainly, if you are sure you want to and it won't be too hard—it's going to be very hot next week.' (Isn't it funny how men always know what the weather is going to be?) Now, all the conditions are met. I am sure I want to go. It won't be too hard, and I can bear it if it is hot; so I will meet you on Monday, the 16th, at half-past nine, but let the rendezvous be North Cambridge Junction, we can each of us reach this spot so easily by steam trains. There we will take to electric, then to the woods. Always faithfully and affectionately your sister, SARAH BOLLES."

The two ladies met as agreed upon, with their scanty luggage, their burning ardor, also their burning noses, for it chanced that Monday, the 16th of July was the hottest of many hot July's before. However, nothing daunted by this trifling, they shook the dust of North Cambridge Junction disdaintfully from their feet, boarded an electric car and were off on their journey.

The pretty town of Arlington lay sizzling and stewing as they passed through it. There was a forlorn organ man slowly grinding a forlorn tune, and a forlorn monkey trying to keep time. There were ragged, happy half clad children cooling themselves at a drinking fountain. There were tempting windows of fruit. There was a panting, perspiring old lady with letters in her hand who hurried up and down the sidewalk in an agony of search, and who was heard to scream to a policeman as the car stopped at Pleasant street, "Officer, where is the post-office? if there is one to show it to me before I melt." There was the sultry air, heavily laden with the perfume of flowers and the burden of too many trees, and Arlington was left behind.

An exchange of cars at Arlington Heights which involved exercise and hurry caused Mrs. Ellison, who had proudly started in a black spotted veil, to remove dark rivers from her reeking face, for the heat at the transfer station was glowing. A majestic car of tremendous length, comfortable width and most uncomfortable height, which would take the travellers to Lowell without change, was welcomed, and they secured a front seat.

"It is so nice not to sit behind anyone," said Mrs. Ellison, as she comfortably settled into the corner.

"Yes, behind no one but the motor-man," responded her sister, who had chosen the second seat.

"Well, this man is thin and you can see both sides of him. Then, too, he moves his arms gracefully and doesn't use his shoulders in doing it. Don't you know when I dine with you I am always talking to William about carving gracefully. You know he—Why, this can't be Lexington?"

"No," said her sister, "this is Munroe's. It must be. How the houses have come and the country vanished in the five years since I have been here," and Mrs. Bolles sighed, but whether for the vanished country or her own vanished youth is uncertain.

Lexington always looks peaceful and sleepy. Perhaps because it was once the scene of war—a war, small indeed, but so important that the general interest in the good old town is as keen as it was a hundred years ago.

From Lexington to Bedford the impression is hardly that of being in the country—the houses are too ambitious, the lands too well cultivated, the people

(Continued on page 4.)

## ROBBINS SPRING HOTEL

Arlington, Mass.

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Something Sweet and Tempting.

can be found at all times in our choice baking of ornamental and layer cakes, fancy cakes, loaf and fancy cakes, fine pastry, delicious breads, rolls, biscuits and bake-stuffs of all kinds, that will suit the most epicurean palate. Don't waste time and money baking when we will serve you with goods baked from the highest grade materials at low prices.

N. J. HARDY.

Baker and Caterer,

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SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.  
Business established about 1868.

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Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st.

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Arlington Central Pharmacy

ESTABLISHED 1853

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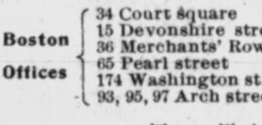
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Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.





## Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

Summer arrangement. In effect June 25, 1899.

### TRAINS TO BOSTON.

**Arlington Heights**—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19, A. M. 12.18, 1.06, 2.18, 3.54, 4.44, 5.19, 6.47, 8.15, 9.18, 10.15 P. M. Sunday, 9.24, A. M., 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, Brattle—4.47, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21 A. M., 12.20, 1.02, 2.30, 3.56, 4.48, 5.21, 6.50, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.  
**Arlington**—4.30, 6.12, 6.42, 7.07, 7.12, 7.29, 7.42, 7.56, 8.09, 8.16, 8.41, 9.00, 9.37, 10.12, 11.34, A. M., 12.23, 1.05, 2.23, 2.52, 3.59, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.20, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.25, 3.17, 4.49, 6.21, 8.31, P. M., 9.00, 10.15, 11.36, A. M., 12.25, 1.08, 2.25, 4.01, 4.36, 4.36, 5.36, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.29, 9.25, 10.25, P. M., Sunday, 9.33, A. M., 1.06, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6.24, 8.34, P. M.  
\*Express.

### TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

**Arlington Heights**—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.25, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.  
**Brattle**—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.17, 5.31, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.  
**Arlington**—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.25, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.04, 5.17, 5.31, 5.47, 5.56, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.  
**Lake Street**—6.25, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.17, 5.04, 5.31, 5.56, 6.04, 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.  
\*Express.

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GRADUATE OF  
DARTMOUTH '88  
HARVARD POST GRADUATE '97.  
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10; A. M. 2-5 P. M.

## ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Tomorrow Rev. J. G. Taylor preaches at Central church, Worcester.

The heights has a large contingent off recruiting for the fall campaign.

The family of Mr. W. O. Partridge are at White Horse beach for the season.

Ed. W. Nicoll and Ernest Snow go down East today to catch fish and rob-bustness.

Miss Dodge of Melrose was the guest of Miss McKenzie over Wednesday of this week.

C. T. Parsons and family left yesterday for Boothbay, Maine, for an outing of two weeks.

Mrs. Dow of Claremont avenue had friends visiting from South Carolina this last week.

When you have company be sure you serve them with Kimball's ice cream. It is delicious.

Mr. J. Zwink sailed yesterday for Europe, and will take in the Paris Exposition and Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brackett are occupying the house of the latter's father on Appleton place during their absence.

Aug. 9-10 the pastor of the Congregational church lectures at Camp Tautamouse in North Acton, on "Rambles hither and thither."

Workmen commenced this morning to dig the cellar for a house to be built by Mr. Frank Records, next south to the one already owned by him.

W. K. Hutchinson has leased the store now occupied by Stone's grocery store and will occupy it Oct. 1st. Mr. Stone will occupy his new store about the same time.

Miss Fannie Murdock, who has been the guest this week of Miss McKenzie at her parents' home on Florence avenue, returned to her home in Hubbardston, Mass., today.

The Post office is transferred to its new and attractive home, an improvement on the old stand is the universal opinion. Our efficient postmaster is more genial than ever in his new quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Farmer attended the wedding of his former tutor Mr. H. M. Poor, to Miss Edith F. Holden of Reading on last Wednesday evening. Miss Nellie M. Farmer also attended.

Mr. L. D. Bradley occupies a store in the rear of the post office and will be ready to supply his customers with everything in his line. His new store is attractive and snug, and central for his growing business.

Mr. Webber of Newton Theological institution gave a very interesting and practical discourse Sunday morning last at the Baptist church. The evening service was also conducted by Mr. Webber, and proved very helpful.

In filling in on the Crescent Hill side of the new bridge gravel is being taken from the embankment near the new Baptist church. Lowell street has also been cut some two feet at this point. It will require considerable more filling to complete the job.

The services at the Arlington Heights Baptist chapel, cor. Westminster and Park avenues, tomorrow will be as follows: Preaching at 10.45, Sunday school at 12 and evening service at 7. Prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7.45. Rev. A. W. Lorimer, pastor; residence, 144 Forest street.

Yesterday afternoon Antonio Barr, a boy about 10 years of age, fell from a cart loaded with sand, on Westminster avenue, and one of the wheels passed over his head, bruising it very badly. Dr. Young was summoned and rendered what service was possible, when the sufferer was taken to the Mass. General hospital, where he died at 1 o'clock this morning. He was a well-behaved boy, and well liked by the neighbors.

Tomorrow morning, at 10.45, at the Baptist church, Mr. George W. Averell, superintendent of the Children's Health fund, will speak of the work among children. The organization, which Mr. Averell represents, takes children from homes of vice and crime in any city or town, prepares them for and locates them in christian homes. A choir of rescued children will be present and sing. The public are cordially invited.

Death came very suddenly to Mr. George B. Hayes, who has for a short time resided on Tanager street. On Thursday evening of last week, after removing his coat he lay down on the sofa to take a short rest, and without a moment's warning expired. The deceased, who was a new-comer at the heights, and although a comparative stranger, was well liked by those who knew him. A wife and one child survive him.

Tomorrow the services at the Park avenue Congregational church will be: Preaching at 10.45, Sabbath school at 12.15 and Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p. m. Rev. D. B. Perry, D. D., president of Doane college, Crete, Nebraska, will preach at the morning service, and will also be present and speak at the Endeavor service on the young people of the west as he has come to know them during the past 25 years. The public are cordially invited to be present at all these services.

About 1 o'clock Sunday fire broke out again in the woods near Mt. Gilboa. The fire department responded promptly, and thoroughly covering the ground with hose, extinguished the flames. It would seem as if the firemen had been called upon too much to look after brush fires, although they have been prompt and performed their duty in a satisfactory manner. It would be well if the parties who are responsible for these fires would themselves attempt to control them and prevent them from spreading. By so doing they would receive the thanks of the community here, as well as the firemen.

(Continued from page 3.)

too well dressed for real country life; but it was pleasing and interesting to the electricians, as the sisters now called themselves.

At Bedford they indulged in a reminiscence of when they were young girls and went one memorable day to Bedford Springs in company with two young gentlemen, taking along a little brother, because their dear mother did not think the expedition quite proper without this little guardian. How strange that seems in these free and easy days!

Noon was approaching as the travellers drew into Billerica, and the car had a wait of five minutes—they were hot minutes. A couple of haymakers stopped at a drinking fountain for refreshment, and the following conversation ensued: First haymaker—"Hot, ain't it?" Second haymaker—"Golly, she just sizzles right down."

They shouldered their rakes and departed.

"I do believe he was talking about me," said Mrs. Ellison, gazing after the innocent rustic resentfully and wiping her face once more.

But the car moved on, and with the motion returned the welcome breeze, and the passengers were comfortable.

"Billerica is a beautiful town, Sally," said Mrs. Ellison, "it is so dignified, so placid, so prosperous and sightly. I have always wanted to come here, you know."

"No, I didn't know," interrupted her sister.

"Oh, thank you, I wish you could break me of saying 'you know.' But you never can, I was born so."

"I think I can. At all events I'll try."

The ride from Billerica to Lowell, through the pretty village of North Billerica, is over long stretches of roads bordered by fewer trees than would be desirable; but the bright, ever-lovely river flows slowly along, in view much of the distance, and lends its charm to the dusty way.

"Doesn't it make you feel well dressed and complaisant to be in Lowell?" said Mrs. Ellison as they rolled into the city.

"I am not sure I don't always feel so. I think I do."

"Oh, Sally, don't say that. Clothes were never any part of your scheme of existence; but you have your gifts, you know."

"Yes, I do know that," was the quiet reply.

"Thank you, I'll try not to say it again. But in Lowell, where everything is spinning and buzzing, and weaving and bleaching, and folding and all the rest of it, I seem to feel as if I owned it all, and was wearing the fruit of all this industry."

"End of the route," shouted the conductor.

The electricians hastily scrambled to their feet and enquired for the Nashua car.

"This way, lady; I'll carry your grip," and, like a true gentleman, he lugged the heavy load to the office, told the panting women to "set and cool five minutes" and the Nashua car would come.

The ride from Lowell to Nashua was along fine roads and cultivated fields, evincing a prosperity which was gratifying but not picturesque to the searchers for simplicity. They reached Nashua to find that they were to be robbed of the joys of electric car riding, for there were no more such roads in that direction. A wait in this thriving city for lunch and rest, a pleasant call on a friend of one of the party, where an astonishingly cool room and a glass of icy lemonade made new creatures of the heated wanderers, and it was time to think about a train for Concord. Hospitable entreaties to spend the night and start in the cool of the morning had to be met and resisted, and with a promise to come again some cooler day the goodbyes were spoken.

To turn away from a breezy electric and board a common steam car was hard indeed, and the ride from Nashua to Concord was taken in sulky silence. However, a bath, rest and a nice dinner at the Eagle hotel restored the equanimity of the elopers, and they declared themselves satisfied. A pleasant feature of the evening was a call from a young physician, an old resident of Concord and a friend of Mrs. Ellison's. This patient victim listened with apparent interest to a detailed account of the adventures of the day and the plans for the morrow; then, detecting somehow a weakness for electric in the visitors, he suggested an electric car ride to see Concord and get the evening cooling. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and the cooling a marked success, but the seeing Concord was a matter of the imagination, as it was absolutely dark.

However, after a night of horrors in a breathless room in close proximity to a freight yard where trains were being made up all night, Concord was seen by daylight under the protection of a professional guide. With a most pleasant impression of the city, the ladies met the old resident, their companion of the night before, and started for Weirs. This guileless youth declared he was intending to visit his family in their cottage at Lake Winnepesaukee on that day and would like to show his friends a pleasant way to reach their destination.

It was, indeed, a pleasant way. They left the train at Laconia and took the electric car to Weirs. The road runs alongside of the lake, and at every turn new and greater beauties open to the eye. The always beautiful Winnepesaukee resting in the arms of the forest, the dainty islands, the shifting clouds, the grand mountains, ever the same yet ever changing in light and shadow, make a panorama which impresses itself indelibly on the memory of the appreciative beholder.

There was time at Weirs for lunch and a tiny sail on the lake before taking the boat at one o'clock. The sisters took leave of their youthful cavalier with sincere gratitude for all his kind attentions and regret at parting, and the Mt. Washington steamed away. In five minutes heat and dust were forgotten, the breeze came sweet and fresh over the water, and the journey was rapturously enjoyed again.

"Sarah Bolles," said Mrs. Ellison, "what are you writing? Not, I hope, a description of this sail, for the man or woman who attempts to describe Lake Winnepesaukee is simply attempting the impossible and is consequently an idiot."

"You shall see what I have written, only a note to my husband."

This was the note: "Dear William: You were quite right about the heat, it has been simply awful, but we are having a fine time. Yours, SARAH." Centre Harbor came into view all too soon, and the elopers went leisurely

down stairs to leave the boat. They stopped a moment to glance at the back view, tied a straggling shoe string, pinned a veil in place and turned to go. "Why," said Mrs. Ellison, "the people are going up stairs. It must be that we leave from the upper deck," and they started up, but were soon set right on enquiring as to the proper place!

Alas for ignorance, tardiness and the delay which is always dangerous. The boat had touched at Centre Harbor—literally touched and had also left that port. The travellers were not exactly shipwrecked, they were abandoned to the waves! An agonized appeal to the purser met with a courteous but firm refusal to put them ashore somehow. It could not be done. The stranded pair gazed at each other in dismay and consternation, then tried to cry, but instead burst into laughter at the ridiculous situation.

At this juncture new actors appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Howes, with her small son, had been visiting at the hospitable cottage which was waiting with open arms for the coming travellers, and thrifty Mrs. Belle had arranged to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," by having the carriage which brought one take the other back. Mrs. Bolles had a slight acquaintance with this lady, and was ready to sink with mortification when met with these incoherent exclamations: "Why, what does this mean? Why are you here? Don't you know where you are? Why don't you go ashore?" "Only because we can't. We don't know how to swim."

"You've got left," shouted Mrs. Howes' little son, with the prompt intuition of an American child.

In this case the remark was not slang and passed unrebuked.

"At least let us be polite and conventional, dear Mrs. Howes, even if we are all at sea. Let me introduce my sister, Mrs. Ellison."

The ladies were charmed to meet each other, etc., etc., and were soon making the best and most of the absurd situation. The purser was humbly entreated to sympathize and help, which he did most graciously.

"Now," said he, quoting, probably unconsciously, from Mrs. Boffin, "you just stick to me. I will give you a free ride all around the lake and get you back to Centre Harbor at six, and I will telegraph at Wolfboro for your carriage-man to meet you at the late boat. That is all you can do, except to make the best of it."

This advice was followed to the letter, especially the latter part of it, and the little party speedily became on the best and merriest of terms.

"Do you know, Sarah, I think you did a very good thing in being too slow to get off from the boat," said the audacious younger sister; "this afternoon has been much more comfortably spent than it would have been toiling over the road in the heat."

At Alton Bay the party separated, for duty, Arlington, home and heat beckoned Mrs. Howes, and the last glimpse the voyagers had of her as they waved goodbye was at the car window with a drooping attitude and a fast flying fan.

The return sail to Centre Harbor was all peace and calm, with a cabin tea at the end. The farewell to the purser was with thanks for the charming sail. The telegram had done its work. The carriage was waiting, and an immediate start was made for Centre Sandwich. The road climbs gradually over the hills, opening new views of mountains, lakes, farms and dwellings, and is thoroughly delightful all the way. Around the shores of Squam lake are many attractive residences, among them one which has been transformed from a simple, ugly farm house to a simple, beautiful home, the only art used being the magic wand of taste. This house stands high enough to command extensive views of both lakes and mountains, and is ideal in situation and appointments. Darkness comes early among the mountains, and the travellers reached the protecting shelter of the Sandwich House just in time to escape its terrors.

A terrific thunder storm in the night cooled the air and made the new morning a joy to every sense. The elopers, rested and refreshed, made an early start for their final destination, Mountain Side Cottage at White Face. The inspiring scene of beauty, the exhilarating air, the odor of the wet hemlock and fir-balsam, the song of the bird, acted almost as intoxication to the pair, and they chattered and joked, schemed and laughed, as if, indeed, they were a couple of lovers on their honeymoon. Up and down the long hills, higher and higher toward the heavens they went, till the last slope was reached—when, hark! the ripple of laughter, a merry song, a resounding shout and a group of six children, headed by the tall boy, Felix, with baby Pet on his shoulders, burst into view. A thousand questions, as many kisses, incoherent explanations, useless interruptions swelled the sweet din. The hill was climbed, and there were the dear little mamma and smiling grandpapa added to the others, making up the glad joy of welcome, and Mountain Side Cottage became the haven of rest for the runaways.

An extract from a long letter written by one of them to her husband that evening shall end the tale of the Never-Leave-Home Club:

"Oh, it is so beautiful here, with mountains and mountains and mountains all about me. I feel now that I can never call anything else fine, not even my precious ocean nor a symphony concert. Do come up here, dear, and drink big draughts of it all. Marian feels just as I do, and we are both glad we eloped. The children are well, brown and happy, and look as sweet and fascinating as ever in spite of their awful costumes. They are dressed in—but no matter, Mrs. Grundy is not here to see them and I won't betray the secret. Cousin Felix, who came at your suggestion you remember, is just the nicest and best big boy in the world. He is everybody's friend and helper, and will do anything, from bringing water up from a living spring (because there is an 'afraid of the well-water' crank in the house)—everything, to dressing a wound on the scraggy horse. We are right in the midst of nature, every kind of nature, mountains, single, in ranges and heaps, woods, valleys, river, mist, cloud, wondrous sky, and oh such splendid silence! All this, and the best kind of human nature also, for besides our own precious household there are the loveliest and most cultivated of neighbors right in the next house, not in sight, to be sure, but very near and within call. I know you hate quotations, but before turning to other subjects I must add a line from the Bible: 'Friend, come up higher.'"

### A LIFE.

I saw the little maiden moon.  
She was so shy, so shy,  
She hid herself behind a cloud  
Till all the stars went by.  
As pure as sea foam was her robe  
And white as ivory,  
And lily buds that blow on earth  
Raised timid heads to see.

I saw the moon, the full grown moon,  
Leap from the ocean's hold  
And bare her beauty to the sky,  
Pierced, glorious and bold.  
And crimson was her flaunting robe  
And red as sin, maybe,  
And poppy buds that blow on earth  
Raised wicked heads to see.

I saw the moon, the dying moon,  
Falter across the sky;  
White faced she fell before the morn  
That smiled to see her die.  
No wave that kissed her feet of old  
But mocked her misery;  
Only the sear, blown leaves of earth  
Might mourn for such as she.

—Theodora Garrison in Kansas City Independent.

## WHO WAS HE?

For two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of our particular star had preceded us to the Pacific coast, and the welcome we received was very enthusiastic, inciting the company to greater exertions and a deeper interest in the noble profession they had chosen.

"For heaven's sake, Graham, don't sell another ticket!" was the message sent up one night to the manager. "Every seat is filled, and there is no standing room."

I was about to close the office when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange looking man was making his way toward me. His face was strikingly intelligent, but there was a look of sorrow and care that was quite affecting. His clothes, once fashionably cut and of good material, were now patched and threadbare, while his hat, all dusty and jammed, I never saw equalled. As he pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of the angry words and looks that greeted him on every side, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. The way he used the whole arm, however, convinced me that it was abundantly able to do duty for both.

"I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theater for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."

"I am sorry, but Miss Howard cannot give you audience until tomorrow."

"No, sir. I do not wish to speak to her. I only want to see her—to look at her."

"And even that I cannot grant. Here are scores of people all about you whom I have refused within the last ten minutes. I cannot issue another ticket tonight. Come tomorrow evening."

He looked around him and then leaned toward me as if to speak; but, seeming to suddenly change his mind, he turned abruptly away and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, careworn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash.

"Can't I go in now?" he asked eagerly.

"You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper. "but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of the company forbade, and, giving a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd and soon forgot him.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep, black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Cannot you for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see," and he pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. "I have walked 300 miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There were at least a score of persons who asked me the same and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he sorrowfully, "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one-half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if I had waited but a moment longer I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery. Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change. Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theater.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole 24. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard.

And, with the rest, I worshipped her, but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one armed man, his tall form towering far above the rest, his long, scanty, unkempt hair falling about his shoulders; his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

aside everything in his way and, leaping upon the stage, caught the fainting woman in his arms and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una, Una, I have saved you!" he cried, frantically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una, once more—only once more, and then I am gone forever!"

"Silence!" said a rough looking man who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had. "Come with me, my man!"

Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe did the strange being shake off the grasp of the officer.

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you will—and I will go with you soon! But not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you off the stage!"

He kneeled by the side of the unconscious Una and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more." His prayer was answered. The beautiful eyes opened, and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man arose to his feet.

"There, sir, constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage she whispered to me, "Follow them, and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una I thank her," said he, "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell."

That was the last of the strange one armed man, and no word of him ever passed Una's lips save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

I have searched far and wide for the answers. From the Atlantic to Pacific, on rail and on river, on land and on sea, have I followed this man, but can never overtake him. I have now given over the search, and once more I follow Una, the same beautiful, fascinating Una Howard.

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a summer month. Among the rubbish that filled the old farmhouse attic I found a pile of village papers